FIRM.
Dalrymple.

HERO AND LEANDER.

By Christopher Marloe.

LONDON,
Printed by Adam Fslip,
for Edward Blunt.
1598.

To the Right Worshipfull, Sir Thomas Walsingham, Knight.

Sir, wee thinke not our selues discharged of the dutie wee owe to our friend, when wee haue brought the breathlesse bodie to the earth: for albeit the eye there taketh his euer farwell of that beloued obiect, yet the impression of the man, that hath beene deare vnto vs, liuing an after life in our memory, there putteth vs in mind of farther obsequies due vnto the deceased. And namely of the performance of whatsoeuer we may iudge shal make to his liuing credit, and to the effecting of his determinations preuented by the stroke of death. By these meditations (as by an intellectuall will) I suppose my selfe executor to the vnhappily deceased author of this Poem, vpon whom knowing that in his life time you bestowed many kind fauors, entertaining the pants of reckoning and woorth which you found in him, with good countenance and liberall affection: I cannot but see so far into the will of him dead, that whatsoeuer issue of his brain should chance to come abroad,

that

that the first breath it should take might be the gentle aire of your liking: for since his selfe had ben accustomed thereunto, it would prooue more agreeable and thriuing to his right children, than any other foster countenance what soeuer. At this time seeing that this vnfinished Tragedy happens vnder my hands to be imprinted; of a double duty, the one to your selfe, the other to the deceased, I present the same to your most fauourable allowance, offring my vtmost selfe now and euer to bee readie, At your Worships disposing:

Edward Blunt.

Hero and Leander.

ON *Helleſpont* guiltie of True-loues blood,
In view and oppoſit two citties ſtood,
Seaborders, diſioin'd by *Neptunes* might:
The one *Abydos*, the other *Seſtos* hight.
At *Seſtos*, *Hero* dwelt; *Hero* the faire,
VVhom young *Apollo* courted for her haire,
And offred as a dovver his burning throne,
VVhere ſhe ſhould ſit for men to gaze vpon.
The outſide of her garments vvere of lavvne,
The lining, purple ſilke, vvith guilt ſtarres dravvne,
Her vvide ſleeues greene, and bordered vvith a groue,
Where *Venus* in her naked glory ſtroue,
To pleaſe the careleſſe and diſdainfull eies,
Of proud *Adonis* that before her lies.
Her kirtle blevv, vvhereon vvas many a ſtaine,
Made vvith the blood of vvretched Louers ſlaine.

Vpon

Vpon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her vaile reacht to the ground beneath.
Her vaile was artificiall flowers and leaues,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceaues.
Many would praise the sweet smell as she past,
When t'was the odour which her breath foorth cast.
And there for honie, bees haue sought in vaine,
And beat from thence, haue lighted there againe.
About her necke hung chaines of peble stone,
Which lightned by her necke, like Diamonds shone.
She ware no gloues, for neither sunne nor wind
Would burne or parch her hands, but to her mind,
Or warme or coole them, for they tooke delite
To play vpon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins of shels all siluered, vsed she,
And brancht with blushing corall to the knee;
Where sparrowes pearcht, of hollow pearle and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold:
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fils,
Which as shee went would cherupe through the bils.
Some say, for her the fairest *Cupid* pyn'd,
And looking in her face, was strooken blind.
But this is true, so like was one the other,
As he imagyn'd *Hero* was his mother.
And oftentimes into her bosome flew,
About her naked necke his bare armes threw.

And laid his childish head vpon her breſt,
And vvith ſtill panting rockt, there tooke his reſt.
So louely faire was *Hero*, *Venus* Nun,
As nature vvept, thinking ſhe vvas vndone;
Becauſe ſhe tooke more from her than ſhe left,
And of ſuch vvondrous beautie her bereft:
Therefore in ſigne her treaſure ſuffred vvracke,
Since *Heroes* time, hath halfe the vvorld beene blacke.
Amorous *Leander*, beautifull and yoong,
(Whoſe tragedie diuine *Muſæus* ſoong)
Dvvelt at *Abidus*, ſince him, dvvelt there none,
For whom ſucceeding times make greater mone.
His dangling treſſes that were neuer ſhorne,
Had they beene cut, and vnto *Colchos* borne,
Would haue allu'rd the vent'rous youth of *Greece*,
To hazard more, than for the golden Fleece.
Faire *Cinthia* vviſht, his armes might be her ſpheare,
Greefe makes her pale, becauſe ſhe mooues not there.
His bodie vvas as ſtraight as *Circes* vvand,
Ioue might haue ſipt out *Nectar* from his hand.
Euen as delicious meat is to the taſt,
So vvas his necke in touching, and ſurpaſt
The vvhite of *Pelops* ſhoulder, I could tell ye,
Hovv ſmooth his breſt vvas, & hovv vvhite his bellie,
And whoſe immortall fingars did imprint,
That heauenly path, vvith many a curious dint,

That runs along his backe, but my rude pen,
Can hardly blazon foorth the loues of men.
Much lesse of powerfull gods, let it suffise,
That my slacke muse, sings of *Leanders* eies.
Those orient cheekes and lippes, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kis
Of his owne shadow, and despising many,
Died ere he could enioy the loue of any.
Had wilde *Hippolitus*, *Leander* seene,
Enamoured of his beautie had he beene,
His presence made the rudest paisant melt,
That in the vast vplandish countrie dwelt,
The barbarous *Thratian* soldier moou'd with nought,
Was moou'd with him, and for his fauour sought.
Some swore he was a maid in mans attire,
For in his lookes were all that men desire,
A pleasant smiling cheeke, a speaking eye,
A brow for loue to banquet roiallye,
And such as knew he was a man would say,
Leander, thou art made for amorous play:
Why art thou not in loue, and lou'd of all?
Though thou be faire, y' t be not thine owne thrall.
The men of wealthie *Sestos*, euerie yeare,
(For his sake whom their goddesse held so deare,
Rose-cheekt *Adonis*) kept a solemne feast,
Thither resorted many a wandring guest,

To meet their loues; ſuch as had none at all,
Came louers home, from this great feſtiuall.
For euerie ſtreet like to a Firmament
Gliſtered vvith breathing ſtars, who vvhere they went,
Frighted the melancholie earth, vvhich deem'd,
Eternall heauen to burne, for ſo it ſeem'd,
As if another *Phaeton* had got
The guidance of the ſunnes rich chariot.
But far aboue, the louelieſt *Hero* ſhin'd,
And ſtole avvay th'inchaunted gazers mind,
For like Sea-nimphs inueigling harmony,
So vvas her beautie to the ſtanders by.
Nor that night-vvandring pale and vvatrie ſtarre,
(When yavvning dragons dravv her thirling carre,
From *Latmus* mount vp to the glomie skie,
Where crovvn'd vvith blazing light and maieſtie,
She proudly ſits) more ouer-rules the flood,
Than ſhe the hearts of thoſe that neere her ſtood.
Euen as, vvhen gavvdie Nymphs purſue the chace,
Wretched *Ixions* ſhaggie footed race,
Incenſt vvith ſauage heat, gallop amaine,
From ſteepe Pine-bearing mountains to the plaine:
So ran the people foorth to gaze vpon her,
And all that vievv'd her, vvere enamour'd on her.
And as in furie of a dreadfull fight,
Their fellovves being ſlaine or put to flight,

Poore ſoldiers ſtãd vvith fear of death dead ſtrooken,
So at her preſence all ſurpris'd and tooken,
Await the ſentence of her ſcornefull eies:
He whom ſhe fauours liues, the other dies.
There might you ſee one ſigh, another rage,
And ſome (their violent paſsions to aſſwage)
Compile ſharpe ſatyrs, but alas too late,
For faithfull loue will neuer turne to hate.
And many ſeeing great princes were denied,
Pyn'd as they went, and thinking on her died.
On this feaſt day, O curſed day and hower,
Went *Hero* thorow *Seſtos*, from her tower
To *Venus* temple, were vnhappilye,
As after chaunc'd, they did each other ſpye,
So faire a church as this, had *Venus* none,
The wals were of diſcoloured *Iaſper* ſtone,
Wherein was *Proteus* carued, and o'rehead,
A liuelie vine of greene ſea agget ſpread;
Where by one hand, light headed *Bacchus* hoong,
And with the other, wine from grapes out wroong.
Of Chriſtall ſhining faire, the pauement was,
The towne of *Seſtos*, cal'd it *Venus* glaſſe,
There might you ſee the gods in ſundrie ſhapes,
Committing headdie ryots, inceſt, rapes:
For know, that vnderneath this radiant floure,

Was

Was *Danaes* ſtatue in a brazen tower,
Ioue, ſly lie ſtealing from his ſiſters bed,
To dallie with *Idalian Ganimed*:
And for his loue *Europa*, bellowing loud,
And tumbling with the Rainbow in a cloud,
Blood-quaffing *Mars*, heauing the yron net,
Which limping *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* ſet:
Loue kindling fire, to burne ſuch townes as *Troy*,
Syluanus weeping for the louely boy
That now is turn'd into a *Cypres* tree,
Vnder whoſe ſhade the Wood-gods loue to bee.
And in the midſt a ſiluer altar ſtood,
There *Hero* ſacrificing turtles blood,
Vaild to the ground, vailing her eie-lids cloſe,
And modeſtly they opened as ſhe roſe:
Thence flew Loues arrow with the golden head,
And thus *Leander* was enamoured.
Stone ſtill he ſtood, and euermore he gazed,
Till with the fire that from his count'nance blazed,
Relenting *Heroes* gentle heart was ſtrooke,
Such force and vertue hath an amorous looke.
It lies not in our power to loue, or hate,
For will in vs is ouer-rul'd by fate.
When two are ſtript long ere the courſe begin,
We wiſh that one ſhould looſe, the other win.

And one especiallie doe vve affect,
Of two gold Ingots like in each respect,
The reason no man knowes, let it suffise,
What vve behold is censur'd by our eies.
Where both deliberat, the loue is slight,
Who euer lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?
He kneel'd, but vnto her deuoutly praid;
Chast *Hero* to her selfe thus softly said:
VVere I the saint hee vvorships, I vvould heare him,
And as shee spake those words, came somevvhat nere (him.
He started vp, she blusht as one asham'd;
VVherewith *Leander* much more vvas inflam'd.
He toucht her hand, in touching it she trembled,
Loue deepely grounded, hardly is dissembled,
These louers parled by the touch of hands,
True loue is mute, and oft amazed stands,
Thus while dum signs their yeelding harts entangled,
The aire vvith sparkes of liuing fire vvas spangled,
A periphrasis of night. And night deepe drencht in mystie *Acheron*,
Heau'd vp her head, and halfe the vvorld vpon,
Breath'd darkenesse forth (darke night is *Cupids* day)
And novv begins *Leander* to display
Loues holy fire, vvith vvords, vvith sighs and teares,
VVhich like sweet musicke entred *Heroes* eares,
And yet at euerie vvord shee turn'd aside,
And alwaies cut him off as he replide,

At

At laſt, like to a bold ſharpe Sophiſter,
VVith chearefull hope thus he accoſted her.
Faire creature, let me ſpeake vvithout offence,
I vvould my rude vvords had the influence,
To lead thy thoughts, as thy faire lookes doe mine,
Then ſhouldſt thou bee his priſoner vvho is thine.
Be not vnkind and faire, miſhapen ſtuffe
Are of behauiour boiſterous and ruffe.
O ſhun me not, but heare me ere you goe,
God knowes I cannot force loue, as you doe.
My words ſhall be as ſpotleſſe as my youth,
Full of ſimplicitie and naked truth.
This ſacrifice (whoſe ſweet perfume deſcending,
From *Venus* altar to your footſteps bending)
Doth teſtifie that you exceed her farre,
To whom you offer, and whoſe Nunne you are,
Why ſhould you worſhip her, her you ſurpaſſe,
As much as ſparkling Diamonds flaring glaſſe.
A Diamond ſet in lead his vvorth retaines,
A heauenly Nimph, belov'd of humane ſwaines,
Receiues no blemiſh, but oft-times more grace,
Which makes me hope, although I am but baſe,
Baſe in reſpect of thee, diuine and pure,
Dutifull ſeruice may thy loue procure,
And I in dutie will excell all other,
As thou in beautie doeſt exceed loues mother.

Nor heauen, nor thou, were made to gaze vpon,
As heauen preſerues all things, ſo ſaue thou one.
A ſtately builded ſhip, well rig'd and tall,
The Ocean maketh more maieſticall:
Why voweſt thou then to liue in *Seſtos* here,
Who on Loues ſeas more glorious wouldſt appeare?
Like vntun'd golden ſtrings all women are,
Which long time lie vntoucht, will harſhly iarre.
Veſſels of Braſſe oft handled, brightly ſhine,
What difference betwixt the richeſt mine
And baſeſt mold, but vſe? for both not vs'de,
Are of like worth. Then treaſure is abus'de,
VVhen miſers keepe it; being put to lone,
In time it will returne vs two for one.
Rich robes, themſelues and others do adorne,
Neither themſelues nor others, if not worne.
VVho builds a pallace and rams vp the gate,
Shall ſee it ruinous and deſolate.
Ah ſimple *Hero*, learne thy ſelfe to cheriſh,
Lone women like to emptie houſes periſh.
Leſſe ſinnes the poore rich man that ſtarues himſelfe,
In heaping vp a maſſe of droſsie pelfe,
Than ſuch as you: his golden earth remains,
VVhich after his diſceaſſe, ſome other gains.
But this faire iem, ſweet, in the loſſe alone,
VVhen you fleet hence, can be bequeath'd to none.

Or

Or if it could, downe from th'enameld skie,
All heauen would come to claime this legacie,
And with inteſtine broiles the world deſtroy,
And quite confound natures ſweet harmony.
Well therefore by the gods decreed it is,
We humane creatures ſhould enioy that bliſſe.
One is no number, mayds are nothing then,
Without the ſweet ſocietie of men.
VVilt thou liue ſingle ſtill? one ſhalt thou bee,
Though neuer-ſingling *Hymen* couple thee.
Wild ſauages, that drinke of running ſprings,
Thinke water farre excels all earthly things:
But they that dayly taſt neat wine, deſpiſe it.
Virginitie, albeit ſome highly priſe it,
Compar'd with marriage, had you tried them both,
Differs as much, as wine and water doth.
Baſe boullion for the ſtampes ſake we allow,
Euen ſo for mens impreſsion do we you.
By which alone, our reuerend fathers ſay,
Women receaue perfection euerie way.
This idoll which you terme *Virginitie*,
Is neither eſſence ſubiect to the eie,
No, nor to any one exterior ſence,
Nor hath it any place of reſidence,
Nor is't of earth or mold celeſtiall,
Or capable of any forme at all.

Of that which hath no being; doe not boast,
Things that are not at all, are never lost.
Men foolishly doe call it vertuous,
What vertue is it, that is borne with vs?
Much lesse can honour bee ascrib'd thereto,
Honour is purchac'd by the deedes wee do.
Beleeue me *Hero*, honour is not wone,
Vntill some honourable deed be done.
Seeke you for chastitie, immortall fame,
And know that some haue wrong'd *Dianas* name?
Whose name is it, if she be false or not,
So she be faire, but some vile toongs will blot?
But you are faire (aye me) so wondrous faire,
So yoong, so gentle, and so debonaire,
As *Greece* will thinke, if thus you liue alone,
Some one or other keepes you as his owne.
Then *Hero* hate me not, nor from me flie,
To follow swiftly blasting infamie.
Perhaps, thy sacred Priesthood makes thee loath,
Tell me, to whom mad'st thou that heedlesse oath?
To *Venus*, answered shee, and as shee spake,
Foorth from those two tralucent cesternes brake,
A streame of liquid pearle, which downe her face
Made milk-white paths, wheron the gods might trace
To *Ioues* high court. Hee thus replide: The rites
In which Loues beauteous Empresse most delites,

Are banquets, Dorick muſicke, midnight-reuell,
Plaies, maskes, and all that ſtem age counteth euill.
Thee as a holy Idiot doth ſhe ſcorne,
For thou in vowing chaſtitie, haſt ſworne
To rob her name and honour, and thereby
Commit'ſt a ſinne far worſe than periurie.
Euen ſacrilege againſt her Dietie,
Through regular and formall puritie.
To expiat which ſinne, kiſſe and ſhake hands,
Such ſacrifice as this, *Venus* demands.

Thereat ſhe ſmild, and did denie him ſo,
As put thereby, yet might he hope for mo.
Which makes him quickly re-enforce his ſpeech,
And her in humble manner thus beſeech.

Though neither gods nor men may thee deſerue,
Yet for her ſake whom you haue vow'd to ſerue,
Abandon fruitleſſe cold Virginitie,
The gentle queene of Loues ſole enemie.
Then ſhall you moſt reſemble *Venus* Nun,
When *Venus* ſweet rites are perform'd and done,
Flint-breſted *Pallas* ioies in ſingle life,
But *Pallas* and your miſtreſſe are at ſtrife.
Loue *Hero* then, and be not tirannous,
But heale the heart, that thou haſt wounded thus,
Nor ſtaine thy youthfull years with auarice,
Faire foules delight, to be accounted nice.

The richeſt corne dies, if it be not reapt,
Beautie alone is loſt, too warily kept.
Theſe argumsnts he vs'de, and many more,
Wherewith ſhe yeelded, that vvas vvoon before,
Heroes lookes yeelded, but her words made warre,
Women are woon when they begin to iarre.
Thus hauing ſwallow'd *Cupids* golden hooke,
The more ſhe ſtriv'd, the deeper was ſhe ſtrooke.
Yet euilly faining anger, ſtroue ſhe ſtill,
And would be thought to graunt againſt her will.
So hauing paus'd a while, at laſt ſhee ſaid:
Who taught thee Rhethoricke to deceiue a maid?
Aye me, ſuch words as theſe ſhould I abhor,
And yet I like them for the Orator.

With that *Leander* ſtoopt, to haue imbrac'd her,
But from his ſpreading armes away ſhe caſt her,
And thus beſpake him. Gentle youth forbeare
To touch the ſacred garments which I weare.

Vpon a rocke, and vnderneath a hill,
Far from the towne (where all is whiſt and ſtill,
Saue that the ſea playing on yellow ſand,
Sends foorth a ratling murmure to the land,
Whoſe ſound allures the golden *Morpheus*,
In ſilence of the night to viſite vs.)
My turret ſtands, and there God knowes I play
With *Venus* ſwannes and ſparrowes all the day,

A dwarfish beldame beares me companie,
That hops about the chamber where I lie,
And spends the night (that might be better spent)
In vaine discourse, and apish merriment.
Come thither; As she spake this, her toong tript,
For vnawares (*Come thither*) from her slipt,
And sodainly her former colour chang'd,
And here and there her eies through anger rang'd.
And like a planet, mouing seuerall waies,
At one selfe instant, she poore soule assaies,
Louing, not to loue at all, and euerie part,
Stroue to resist the motions of her hart.
And hands so pure, so innocent, nay such,
As might haue made heauen stoope to haue a touch,
Did she vphold to *Venus*, and againe,
Vow'd spotlesse chastitie, but all in vaine,
Cupid beats downe her praiers with his wings,
Her vowes aboue the emptie aire he flings:
All deepe enrag'd, his sinowie bow he bent,
And shot a shaft that burning from him went,
Wherewith she strooken, look'd so dolefully,
As made Loue sigh, to see his tiranny.
And as she wept, her teares to pearle he turn'd,
And wound them on his arme, and for her mourn'd.
Then towards the pallace of the destinies,
Laden with languishment and griefe he flies.

And to thoſe ſterne nymphs humblie made requeſt,
Both might enioy ech other, and be bleſt.
But with a ghaſtly dreadfull countenaunce,
Threatning a thouſand deaths at euerie glaunce,
They anſwered Loue, nor would vouchſafe ſo much
As one poore word, their hate to him was ſuch.
Harken a while, and I will tell you why:
Heauens winged herrald, *Ioue-borne Mercury*,
The ſelfe-ſame day that he aſleepe had layd
Inchaunted *Argus*, ſpied a countrie mayd,
Whoſe careleſſe haire, in ſtead of pearle t'adorne it,
Gliſt'red with deaw, as one that ſeem'd to skorne it:
Her breath as fragrant as the morning roſe,
Her mind pure, and her toong vntaught to gloſe.
Yet prowd ſhe vvas, (for loftie pride that dwels
In tovv'red courts, is oft in ſheapheards cels.)
And too too vvell the faire vermilion knevv,
And ſiluer tincture of her cheekes, that drevv
The loue of euerie ſwaine: On her, this god
Enamoured vvas, and vvith his ſnakie rod,
Did charme her nimble feet, and made her ſtay,
The vvhile vpon a hillocke dovvne he lay,
And ſvveetly on his pipe began to play,
And vvith ſmooth ſpeech, her fancie to aſſay,
Till in his tvvining armes he lockt her faſt,
And then he vvoo'd vvith kiſſes, and at laſt,

As

As ſheap-heards do, her on the ground hee layd,
And tumbling in the graſſe, he often ſtrayd
Beyond the bounds of ſhame, in being bold
To eie thoſe parts, vvhich no eie ſhould behold.
And like an inſolent commaunding louer,
Boaſting his parentage, vvould needs diſcouer
The vvay to nevv *Eliſium*: but ſhe,
Whoſe only dovver vvas her chaſtitie,
Hauing ſtriu'ne in vaine, vvas novv about to crie,
And craue the helpe of ſheap-heards that vvere nie;
Herevvith he ſtayd his furie, and began
To giue her leaue to riſe, avvay ſhe ran,
After vvent *Mercurie*, vvho vs'd ſuch cunning,
As ſhe to heare his tale, left off her running.
Maids are not vvoon by brutiſh force and might,
But ſpeeches full of pleaſure and delight.
And knovving *Hermes* courted her, vvas glad
That ſhe ſuch louelineſſe and beautie had
As could prouoke his liking, yet vvas mute,
And neither vvould denie, nor graunt his ſute.
Still vovvd he loue, ſhe vvanting no excuſe
To feed him vvith delaies, as vvomen vſe:
Or thirſting after immortalitie,
All vvomen are ambitious naturallie,
Impos'd vpon her louer ſuch a taske,
As he ought not performe, nor yet ſhe aske.

A draught of flowing *Nectar*, ſhe requeſted,
Wherewith the king of Gods and men is feaſted.
He readie to accompliſh what ſhe wil'd,
Stole ſome from *Hebe* (*Hebe*, *Ioues* cup fil'd,)
And gaue it to his ſimple ruſtike loue,
Which being knowne (as what is hid from *Ioue*)
He inly ſtorm'd, and vvaxt more furious,
Than for the fire filcht by *Prometheus*;
And thruſts him dovvn frõ heauen, he vvandring here,
In mournfull tearmes, vvith ſad and heauie cheare
Complaind to *Cupid*, *Cupid* for his ſake,
To be reueng'd on Ioue, did vndertake,
And thoſe on vvhom heauen, earth, and hell relies,
I mean the Adamantine Deſtinies,
He vvounds vvith loue, and forſt them equallie,
To dote vpon deceitfull *Mercurie*.
They offred him the deadly fatall knife,
That ſheares the ſlender threads of humane life,
At his faire feathered feet, the engins layd,
Which th'earth from ougly *Chaos* den vp-vvayd:
Theſe he regarded not, but did intreat,
That Ioue, vſurper of his fathers ſeat,
Might preſently be baniſht into hell,
And aged *Saturne* in *Olympus* dvvell.
They granted vvhat he crau'd, and once againe,
Saturne and *Ops*, began their golden raigne.

Murder,

Murder, rape, warre, luſt and trecherie,
Were with *Ioue* clos'd in *Stigian* Emprie.
But long this bleſſed time continued not,
As ſoone as he his wiſhed purpoſe got;
He reckleſſe of his promiſe, did deſpiſe
The loue of th'euerlaſting Deſtinies.
They ſeeing it, both Loue and him abhor'd,
And *Iupiter* vnto his place reſtor'd.
And but that Learning, in deſpight of Fate,
Will mount aloft, and enter heauen gate,
And to the ſeat of *Ioue* it ſelfe aduaunce,
Hermes had ſlept in hell with ignoraunce.
Yet as a puniſhment they added this,
That he and *Pouertie* ſhould alwaies kis.
And to this day is euerie ſcholler poore,
Groſſe gold, from them runs headlong to the boore.
Likewiſe the angrie ſiſters thus deluded,
To venge themſelues on *Hermes*, haue concluded
That *Midas* brood ſhall ſit in Honors chaire,
To which the *Muſes* ſonnes are only heire:
And fruitfull wits that in aſpiring are,
Shall diſcontent, run into regions farre;
And few great lords in vertuous deeds ſhall ioy,
But be ſurpris'd with euery gariſh toy.
And ſtill inrich the loftie ſeruile clowne,
Who with incroching guile, keepes learning downe.

Then muſe not, *Cupids* ſute no better ſped,
Seeing in their loues, the Fates were iniured.
By this, ſad *Hero*, with loue vnacquainted,
Viewing *Leanders* face, fell downe and fainted.
He kiſt her, and breath'd life into her lips,
Wherewith as one diſpleas'd, away ſhe trips.
Yet as ſhe went, full often look'd behind,
And many poore excuſes did ſhe find,
To linger by the way, and once ſhe ſtayd,
And would haue turn'd againe, but was afrayd,
In offring parlie, to be counted light.
So on ſhe goes, and in her idle flight,
Her painted fanne of curled plumes let fall,
Thinking to traine *Leander* therewithall.
He being a nouice, knew not what ſhe meant,
But ſtayd, and after her a letter ſent.
Which ioyfull *Hero* anſwerd in ſuch ſort,
As he had hope to ſcale the beauteous fort,
Wherein the liberall graces lock'd their wealth,
And therefore to her tower he got by ſtealth.
Wide open ſtood the doore, hee need not clime,
And ſhe her ſelfe before the pointed time,
Had ſpread the boord, with roſes ſtrowed the roome,
And oft look't out, and mus'd he did not come.
At laſt he came, O who can tell the greeting,
Theſe greedie louers had, at their firſt meeting.

He askt, ſhe gaue, and nothing was denied,
Both to each other quickly were affied.
Looke how their hands, ſo were their hearts vnited,
And what he did, ſhe willingly requited.
(Sweet are the kiſſes, the imbracements ſweet,
When like deſires and affections meet,
For from the earth to heauen, is *Cupid* rais'd,
Where fancie is in equall ballance pais'd)
Yet ſhe this raſhneſſe ſodainly repented,
And turn'd aſide, and to her ſelfe lamented.
As if her name and honour had beene wrong'd,
By being poſſeſt of him for whom ſhe long'd:
I, and ſhee wiſht, albeit not from her hart,
That he would leaue her turret and depart.
The mirthfull God of amorous pleaſure ſmil'd,
To ſee how he this captiue Nymph beguil'd.
For hitherto hee did but fan the fire,
And kept it downe that it might mount the hier.
Now waxt ſhe iealous, leaſt his loue abated,
Fearing, her owne thoughts made her to be hated.
Therefore vnto him haſtily ſhe goes,
And like light *Salmacis*, her body throes
Vpon his boſome, vvhere vvith yeelding eyes,
She offers vp her ſelfe a ſacrifice,
To ſlake his anger, if he vvere diſpleas'd,
O vvhat god vvould not therevvith be appeas'd?

Like *Æsops* cocke, this iewell he enioyed,
And as a brother with his sister toyed,
Supposing nothing else was to be done,
Now he her fauour and good will had wone.
But know you not that creatures wanting sence,
By nature haue a mutuall appetence,
And wanting organs to aduaunce a step,
Mou'd by Loues force, vnto ech other lep?
Much more in subiects hauing intellect,
Some hidden influence breeds like effect.
Albeit *Leander* rude in loue, and raw,
Long dallying with *Hero*, nothing saw
That might delight him more, yet he suspected
Some amorous rites or other were neglected.
Therefore vnto his bodie, hirs he clung,
She, fearing on the rushes to be flung,
Striu'd with redoubled strength, the more she strriued,
The more a gentle pleasing heat reuiued,
Which taught him all that elder louers know,
And now the same gan so to scorch and glow,
As in plaine termes (yet cunningly) he crau'd it,
Loue alwaies makes those eloquent that haue it.
Shee, with a kind of graunting, put him by it,
And euer as he thought himselfe most nigh it,
Like to the tree of *Tantalus* she fled,
And seeming lauish, sau'de her maydenhead.

Ne're king more ſought to keepe his diademe;
Than *Hero* this ineſtimable gemme.
Aboue our life we loue a ſtedfaſt friend,
Yet when a token of great worth we ſend,
We often kiſſe it, often looke thereon,
And ſtay the meſſenger that would be gon:
No maruell then, though *Hero* would not yeeld
So ſoone to part from that ſhe deerely held.
Iewels being loſt are found againe, this neuer,
T'is loſt but once, and once loſt, loſt for euer.
Now had the morne eſpy'de her louers ſteeds,
Whereat ſhe ſtarts, puts on her purple weeds,
And red for anger that he ſtayd ſo long,
All headlong throwes her ſelfe the clouds among,
And now *Leander* fearing to be miſt,
Imbraſt her ſodainly, tooke leaue, and kiſt,
Long was he taking leaue, and loath to go,
And kiſt againe, as louers vſe to do,
Sad *Hero* wroong him by the hand, and wept,
Saying, let your vowes and promiſes be kept.
Then ſtanding at the doore, ſhe turnd about,
As loath to ſee *Leander* going out.
And now the ſunne that through th'orizon peepes,
As pittying theſe louers, downeward creepes.
So that in ſilence of the cloudie night,
Though it was morning, did he take his flight.

But vvhat the ſecret truſtie night conceal'd,
Leanders amorous habit ſoone reueal'd,
With *Cupids* myrtle vvas his bonet crovvnd,
About his armes the purple riband vvound,
Wherevvith ſhe vvreath'd her largely ſpreading heare,
Nor could the youth abſtaine, but he muſt vveare
The ſacred ring vvherevvith ſhe vvas endovv'd,
When firſt religious chaſtitie ſhe vovv'd:
Which made his loue through *Seſtos* to bee knovvne,
And thence vnto *Abydus* ſooner blovvne,
Than he could ſaile, for incorporeal Fame,
Whoſe vvaight conſiſts in nothing but her name,
Is ſvvifter than the vvind, vvhoſe tardie plumes,
Are reeking vvater, and dull earthlie fumes.
Home vvhen he came, he ſeem'd not to be there,
But like exiled aire thruſt from his ſphere,
Set in a forren place, and ſtraight from thence,
Alcides like, by mightie violence,
He vvould haue chac'd avvay the ſvvelling maine,
That him from her vniuſtly did detaine.
Like as the ſunne in a Dyameter,
Fires and inflames obiects remooued farre,
And heateth kindly, ſhining lat'rally;
So beautie, ſvveetly quickens vvhen t'is ny,
But being ſeparated and remooued,
Burnes vvhere it cheriſht, murders vvhere it loued.

Therefore

Therefore euen as an Index to a booke,
So to his mind was yoong *Leanders* looke.
O none but gods haue povver their loue to hide,
Affection by the count'nance is deſcride.
The light of hidden fire it ſelfe diſcouers,
And loue that is conceal'd, betraies poore louers.
His ſecret flame apparantly vvas ſeene,
Leanders Father knevv vvhere hee had be:ne,
And for the ſame mildly rebuk't his ſonne,
Thinking to quench the ſparckles nevv begonne.
But loue reſiſted once, grovves paſsionate,
And nothing more than counſaile, louers hate.
For as a hote provvd horſe highly diſdaines,
To haue his head control'd, but breakes the raines,
Spits foorth the ringled bit, and vvith his houes,
Checkes the ſubmiſsiue ground: ſo hee that loues,
The more he is reſtrain'd, the vvoorſe he fares,
What is it novv, but mad *Leander* dares?
O *Hero*, *Hero*, thus he cry'de full oft,
And then he got him to a rocke aloft.
Where hauing ſpy'de her tovver, long ſtar'd he on't,
And pray'd the narrovv toyling *Helleſpont*,
To part in tvvaine, that hee might come and go,
But ſtill the riſing billovves anſvvered no.
With that hee ſtript him to the yu'rie skin,
And crying, Loue I come, leapt liuely in.

Whereat

Whereat the ſaphir viſag'd god grew prowd,
And made his capring *Triton* ſound alowd,
Imagining, that *Ganimed* diſpleas'd,
Had left the heauens, therefore on him hee ſeaz'd.
Leander ſtrid'd, the waues about him wound,
And puld him to the bottome, where the ground
Was ſtrewd with pearle, and in low corrall groues,
Sweet ſinging Meremaids, ſported with their loues
On heapes of heauie gold, and tooke great pleaſure,
To ſpurne in careleſſe ſort, the ſhipwracke treaſure.
For here the ſtately azure pallace ſtood,
Where kingly *Neptune* and his traine abode,
The luſtie god imbraſt him, cald him loue,
And ſwore he neuer ſhould returne to loue.
But when he knew it was not *Ganimed*,
For vnder water he was almoſt dead,
He heau'd him vp, and looking on his face,
Beat downe the bold waues with his triple mace,
Which mounted vp, intending to haue kiſt him,
And fell in drops like teares, becauſe they miſt him.
Leander being vp, began to ſwim,
And looking backe, ſaw *Neptune* follow him.
Whereat agaſt, the poore ſoule gan to crie,
O let mee viſite *Hero* ere I die.
The god put *Helles* bracelet on his arme,
And ſwore the ſea ſhould neuer doe him harme.

He

He clapt his plumpe cheekes, with his treſſes playd,
And ſmiling wantonly, his loue bewrayd.
He watcht his armes, and as they opend wide,
At euery ſtroke, betwixt them would he ſlide,
And ſteale a kiſſe, and then run out and daunce,
And as he turnd, caſt many a luſtfull glaunce,
And threw him gawdie toies to pleaſe his eie,
And diue into the water, and there prie
Vpon his breſt, his thighs, and euerie lim,
And vp againe, and cloſe beſide him ſwim.
And talke of loue: *Leander* made replie,
You are deceau'd, I am no woman I,
Thereat ſmilde *Neptune*, and then told a tale,
How that a ſheapheard ſitting in a vale,
Playd with a boy ſo faire and kind,
As for his loue, both earth and heauen pyn'd;
That of the cooling riuer durſt not drinke,
Leaſt water-nymphs ſhould pull him from the brinke.
And when hee ſported in the fragrant lawnes,
Gote-footed Satyrs, and vp-ſtaring Fawnes,
Would ſteale him thence. Ere halfe this tale was done,
Aye me, *Leander* cryde, th'enamoured ſunne,
That now ſhould ſhine on *Thetis* glaſsie bower,
Deſcends vpon my radiant *Heroes* tower.
O that theſe tardie armes of mine were wings,
And as he ſpake, vpon the waues he ſprings.

Neptune was angrie that hee gaue no eare,
And in his heart reuenging malice bare:
He flung at him his mace, but as it went,
He cald it in, for loue made him repent.
The mace returning backe, his owne hand hit,
As meaning to be veng'd for darting it.
When this freſh bleeding wound *Leander* viewd,
His colour went and came, as if he rewd
The greefe which *Neptune* felt. In gentle breſts,
Relenting thoughts, remorſe and pittie reſts.
And who haue hard hearts, and obdurat minds,
But vicious, harebraind, and illit'rat hinds?
The god ſeeing him with pittie to be moued,
Thereon concluded that he was beloued.
(Loue is too full of faith, too credulous,
With follie and falſe hope deluding vs.)
Wherefore *Leanders* fancie to ſurprize,
To the rich *Ocean* for gifts he flies.
'Tis wiſedome to giue much, a gift preuailes,
When deepe perſwading Oratorie failes.
By this *Leander* being nere the land,
Caſt downe his wearie feet, and felt the ſand.
Breathleſſe albeit he were, he reſted not,
Till to the ſolitarie tower he got.
And knockt and cald, at which celeſtiall noiſe,

The longing heart of *Hero* much more ioies
Then nymphs & sheapheards, vvhen the timbrell rings,
Or crooked Dolphin vvhen the sailer sings;
She stayd not for her robes, but straight arose,
And drunke vvith gladnesse, to the dore she goes.
Where seeing a naked man, she scriecht for feare,
Such sights as this, to tender maids are rare.
And ran into the darke her selfe to hide,
Rich iewels in the darke are soonest spide.
Vnto her vvas he led, or rather dravvne,
By those vvhite limmes, vvhich sparckled through the lavvne.
The neerer that he came, the more she fled,
And seeking refuge, slipt into her bed.
Whereon *Leander* sitting, thus began,
Through numming cold, all feeble, faint and vvan:
If not for loue, yet loue for pittie sake,
Me in thy bed and maiden bosome take,
At least vouchsafe these armes some little roome,
Who hoping to imbrace thee, cherely svvome.
This head vvas beat vvith manie a churlish billovv,
And therefore let it rest vpon thy pillovv.
Herevvith afrighted *Hero* shrunke avvay,
And in her luke-vvarme place *Leander* lay.
Whose liuely heat like fire from heauen fet,
VVould animate grosse clay, and higher set

The drooping thoughts of baſe declining ſoules,
Then drerie *Mars*, carowſing *Nectar* boules.
His hands he caſt vpon her like a ſnare,
She ouercome with ſhame and ſallow feare,
Like chaſt *Diana*, when *Acteon* ſpyde her,
Being ſodainly betraide, dyu'd downe to hide her.
And as her ſiluer body downeward went,
With both her hands ſhe made the bed a tent,
And in her owne mind thought her ſelfe ſecure,
O'recaſt with dim and darkſome couerture.
And how ſhe lets him whiſper in her eare,
Flatter, intreat, promiſe, proteſt and ſweare,
Yet euer as he greedily aſſayd
To touch thoſe dainties, ſhe the *Harpey* playd,
And euery lim did as a ſoldier ſtout,
Defend the fort, and keep the foe-man out.
For though the riſing yu'rie mount he ſcal'd,
Which is with azure circling lines empal'd,
Much like a globe, (a globe may I tearme this,
By which loue ſailes to regions full of blis,)
Yet there with *Syſiphus* he toyld in vaine,
Till gentle parlie did the truce obtaine.
She trembling ſtroue, this ſtrife of hers (like that
Which made the world) another world begat,
Of vnknowne ioy. Treaſon was in her thought,
And cunningly to yeeld her ſelfe ſhe ſought.

Seeming

Seeming not woon, yet woon she was at length,
In such warres women vse but halfe their strength.
Leander now like Theban *Hercules*,
Entred the orchard of *Th'esperides*,
Whose fruit none rightly can describe, but hee
That puls or shakes it from the golden tree:
Wherein *Leander* on her quiuering brest,
Breathlesse spoke some thing, and sigh'd out the rest;
Which so preuail'd, as he with small ado,
Inclos'd her in his armes and kist her to.
And euerie kisse to her was as a charme,
And to *Leander* as a fresh alarme.
So that the truce was broke, and she alas,
(Poore sillie maiden) at his mercie was.
Loue is not ful of pittie (as men say)
But deaffe and cruell, where he meanes to pray.
Euen as a bird, which in our hands we wring,
Foorth plungeth, and oft flutters with her vving.
And novv she vvisht this night vvere neuer done,
And sigh'd to thinke vpon th'approching sunne,
For much it greeu'd her that the bright day-light,
Should knovv the pleasure of this blessed night.
And then like *Mars* and *Erycine* displayd,
Both in each others armes chaind as they layd.
Againe she knew not howv to frame her looke,
Or speake to him vvho in a moment tooke,

That which ſo long ſo charily ſhe kept,
And faine by ſtealth away ſhe vvould haue crept,
And to ſome corner ſecretly haue gone,
Leauing *Leander* in the bed alone.
But as her naked feet were vvhipping out,
He on the ſuddaine cling'd her ſo about,
That Meremaid-like vnto the floore ſhe ſlid,
One halfe appear'd the other halfe vvas hid.
Thus neere the bed ſhe bluſhing ſtood vpright,
And from her countenance behold ye might,
A kind of tvvilight breake, vvhich through the heare,
As from an orient cloud, glymſe here and there.
And round about the chamber this falſe morne,
Brought foorth the day before the day vvas borne.
So *Heroes* ruddie cheeke, *Hero* betrayd,
And her all naked to his ſight diſplayd.
Whence his admiring eyes more pleaſure tooke,
Than *Dis*, on heapes of gold fixing his looke.
By this *Apollos* golden harpe began,
To ſound foorth muſicke to the *Ocean*,
Which vvatchfull *Heſperus* no ſooner heard,
But he the day bright-bearing Car prepar'd.
And ran before, as Harbenger of light,
And vvith his ſtaring beames mockt ougly night;
Till ſhe o'recome vvith anguiſh, ſhame, and rage,
Dang'd dovvne to hell her loathſome carriage.

Deſunt nonnulla.